



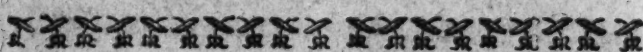
Bartholomew Fair; OR, THE Humours of Smithfield.

Sung by Mr. JOHANNOT.

Tune—The Pyeman.



LONDON: Printed by J. Davenport, No. 7, Little
Catherine Street, Strand; and sold at No. 70,
Turnmill Street, Clerkenwell.



O Bartlemey, Bartlemey Fair;
That scene of confusion and frolic,
Such wonderful doings are there,
'Twould cure an old maid of the cholic:
There's sausages frying in grease,
No one can dislike but a snarler,
Black puddings a penny a piece,
'Walk in and sit down in my parlour.'
Ri um ti idity um, &c.

There's roundabouts, wild beasts, and mon-
kies,
And also the wonderful pig!
There's gentlemen riding on donkies,
And gin for the ladies to swig:
There's conjurors, giants, and witches,
With—Show 'em up, show 'em up there,
There's gingerbread cocks, sir, and breeches,
And buttons a farthing a pair.
Ri um ti idity, &c.

O then if you walk but about,
There's "here is your nuts, up and win
'em,"
There's fighting both in door and out,
And pockets with nothing within 'em;
There's fairings of every kind,
There's waggons, with coaches and six
Aye, and what I wou'd have you to mind—
A great many *flight of hand tricks*.
Ri um ti idity, &c.

There's, 'who's for a ride round the fair,
Step into my coach, miss, and rest?'
'O no, sir, (says she), I declare,
I love a sweet up and down best.'
There's fortunes told here in a trice,
With husbands for those that have tarried,
There's 'O, then, I'm sure that is nice,
Dear me, how I long to be married.'
Ri um ti idity, &c.